

towards the afternoon sun, while high in the air a pair of "rabbit" hawks, disturbed from their perch, circled with shrill cries.

Presently I heard the sharp bark of a squirrel, and a little fellow, with his tail over his back, jumped over the ground for a neighboring tree. I let him alone, for I knew, if undisturbed, he would be presently followed by others; the old cautious fellows letting the young and more rash bloods go first from the holes, from which, if the coast seem clear, they follow. In a few minutes the woods appeared full of them, chattering away, and jumping from tree to tree, eating the young buds with such gusto that it seemed almost a sin to disturb them. A sportsman or a hungry man, however, is not apt to indulge in sentiment, and the hills were soon reverberating with the reports of my breech-loader. C— soon came to the spot to find out what all the racket was about, and we managed to bag about twelve before the others, frightened by the noise, regained their dens. Then we gave the birds another turn, which lasted until we could not see to shoot, and returned to camp.

Near the tent stood a small haw-tree, on whose branches we strung up our game so as to be convenient for use. By the end of the week it was pretty well loaded. But it did not remain so for long. On Satur-

day night a party of friends from town came up to visit us, and game and other provisions disappeared with astonishing rapidity.

We made a merry party that night gathered around the camp-fire, and song, story and jest followed each other in rapid succession. With our supply of lemons a huge bowl of punch was brewed,

Old Ralph, scenting the good cheer from afar, came down from his cabin on the hill with several other darkies, and their hearts were all made glad with a "dram." Tired and sleepy, about two o'clock I retired. The last thing I remember seeing as I dozed off was R— (who I think staid up all night), seated on a camp-stool, explaining to the darkies how earthquakes were caused by a certain unmentionable gentleman who resides below, moving his furniture about; with other scientific facts and theories of a like kind. In the meantime his audience sat on the ground, presenting a circle of black faces on which the fire-light shone, revealing open mouths and eyes as large as saucers, all of which made a *tout ensemble* that was ludicrous in the extreme.

Next morning the weather was cloudy, and as it began to rain about eleven o'clock, we procured a wagon, packed up our equipment, and reluctantly abandoned our camp for the realms of civilization.

THREE DAYS' GRACE.

THE tiny slipper she had dropped
He lifted from the brookside dust,
And placed it on the dainty foot
That had so lightly held its trust.

"Ah! Cinderella,"— but she waived
His homage of the eye and knee;
Half mockingly, half tenderly—
"I am your debtor, sir," said she.

"Ay, and I wait the payment, love!"
She flushed, then laughed back, as she sped
From stepping-stone to stepping-stone:
"Give me three days of grace," she said.

He cleared the streamlet at a bound,
And whispered, gazing on her face,
"The favor is not mine to grant,
For all your days are Days of Grace!"

Sarah J. Burke.